

New-July 11th 1831.

My dear & friend,

The time for my home seems very near for now on an day this week I go on Saturday! And I long for the final packings to be through, & to feel that I am really on my way home. I have dear, dear home! But for formal Friday as I have said before was the first time the Louvre was opened for a long long while, & we had purposely delayed our departure that we might have a glimpse at its glorious pictures. Mr. de Noé came to us last, particularly, he politely said, that he might have the pleasure of showing me the pictures for the first time, for he said I had a very good eye he saw - You see, corrupted by Dr. Gray's example, I repeat the compliments he paid me - Only I do not take them quite so seriously as he does, but see that they are the Frenchman's politenesses - He was at the doors before they were opened, & being at last admitted, went by the same staircase. We had passed in the winter, to a beautiful salon with richly decorated walls & ceiling, & a mirror at the farther end with a console table & a vase of flowers & its beautiful plants. Behind from this was another fine room lined from above, the walls hung with dark cloth & the partitions of the room the door-ways &c. all in black wood, & a circular design in the centre all in dark plush - In this room were hung the chef d'œuvre, & a precious collection indeed! The title was a vast picture of Pan. Veronese, the master at Paris, in one corner hung the "Madonna" of the Crucifixion of Raphael's style, & opposite in St. Michael & the Dragon - On one side in Raphael's "Madonna Lavinia", the one of which you have a transcription, Signe, & lovely & sweet it is! It is in his earlier style, the colours bright, & the whole picture bright, without deep shadow, & a little of the stiffness, coldness & precision which are it a resemblance to the early French painters - And this pervades all the pictures of Raphael's early manner. And yet I do not know that I do not like it better than his later, there is so much softness & tenderness & beauty in the characters - And I should remark it as peculiarly characteristic of this early style of art, the air of beauty which pervades the pictures, above earthly passions as it were - And seeing so many Raphaels in the Louvre, for there are many beside, & some very fine portraits, I began to appreciate his beauties & wherein is his great excellence - And first I must say that I think on the whole in pictures I appreciate colour more than form, & that Italian & Flemish are more beautiful to me at

distinguished buildings. We took a walk through the grounds, & saw the
Squire's cottage which is quite a house, the lower story finished as kitchen & dining
when the ladies can make better if they take a fancy in that direction, & the
upper stories as rooms of different kinds, one large one being with Louis seats,
some of their chateaux on the lake of Geneva, & Louis specimens of various sorts
about, painted statues, &c. &c. - It is a pretty little affair. Madame delessert
had ordered a bunch of flowers for me, but as they did not come in time
said she would not detain us to wait for them. - She charmed us both on
our way back we made a farewell call on Mrs. Wells & left cards on Mrs.
Thorncliffe & denied I believe somewhere about 3 o'clock! She found a lovely
bouquet from Madame D. when we got back, & Mr. D. sent Dr. Gray an interesting
flower from his Raphael Madonna - & afterwards we were busy packing but fin-
ished in time to get out & make a little call on Madame delessert, who had come
in town especially to bid us, goodbye, & to take a final glance at the women, we
had to turn our backs on the Swiss lake palace, thinking it better to see some-
thing to remember of the Swiss than to see too much. - Madame had
really been very kind & attentive & seemed very sorry to part with us, anxious to
celebrate any Americans we might recommend to her. When we bade good-
bye she said to Dr. Gray, "truly vous m'emblesse?" & Dr. Gray saluted her in
each cheek as she offered them, rather more warily & fancy than is
quite French, from her heightened color when it came my turn. She had
evidently been very much pleased with Dr. Gray & his society & goodness, & she
said she had made more progress in French than I had, for that when
he came in could understand or say scarcely anything, now he could
understand & express himself as as quite in the understood, whereas I could
understand when I came. - But she used to laugh heartily at some of Dr.
Gray's French - Her great anxiety was that we did not eat enough, she said
I should always have had digestion. mine only took tea & bread & butter
for breakfast I should have a "fipitiki" or a "ricket" - But, as Dr. Gray said
as we drove away, "Madame has behaved very much like a better
man!" - Camille accompanied us down to the docks & bade us, goodbye.
with "à l'avenir je vous verrai!" - I don't know where in fact to say, and
as we departed - On reaching the station we found Mr. delessert and
the delessert's children at the Jardin des Plantes, in the cars she went rather
as with the visitations of Rouen - We reached our hotel about 8 o'clock, & the
next morning explored about the quaint old city & went in service at
the cathedral & at the church of St. Jean - The cathedral is a most extra-
ordinary specimen of Gothic, its front towers are very fine & its interior
is so very high & the whole so grand - The only part I did not like was
the central steeple or spire, which looked like a faecal chimney, but I
have heard since this is merely a wooden substitute: the original one
having fallen some years ago - Rouen is full of old churches, buildings,

a censer, & covering this plate & lifting that, lighting a candle & blowing
it out when the service is over! I think I should be a Quaker
sooner than a Catholic, & feel as if a silent communion were all
one would dare to ~~do~~. He wandered very much about the
old town though it rained - and we visited the Hotel de Ville a curious
specimen outside of elaborate, & like with its enormous former windows,
but nothing particularly interesting inside, & went to the place where
stands the statue of Joan of Arc in the spot where she was burned! And
gave a sigh to her memory - We dined rather early & were off at 7
to Liverpool by rail & took the steamer at 10 o'clock - Oh, what a night! The
ladies' cabin was full & many ladies were in the gentlemen's cabin; I
could only have a blanket on the floor with a carpet-bag for a pillow,
unfortunately the one containing the dressing-cases & such hard matters.
Dr. Gray had a microscope box & the chairs at my side, which a lady who
came down from the deck in the middle of the night, shared with him.
Instead of being 8 hours we were 12! a wretched little boat, so tossing the spray
one could not stay on deck, & all so sick below! Not half accommodations,
such noises! such sights! Dr. Gray was sick from the atmosphere alone,
for we could have no windows open or any air there was so much sea -
One man rushed down stairs & drew off my basin, I could only drag it
back for myself & leave him to his fate - And one poor man who could
not stay on deck because of the rolling, stood pretty much all night gazing
on the scene around; another lay on the table, others on the floor, or
where they could sit or stand - The ladies above me kept dropping shoes
& dressing-cases upon me, & the lower one having a tin cup for her especial
accommodation, ~~kept~~ dropping that on me, until it was almost sore at her.
Poor I could only feebly put up my hand & take them off, & that was
sure to make me sick again! And the water ran in so that I lay in
the wet all night, quite through I soaked, but I was too wretched to
care or to move - it seemed as if we never should get there! And when
at length we reached New Haven I could only go to bed while my clothes
were dried & Dr. Gray got the things through the Custom-house, so I could
get me out fresh apparel - And hereby I would add that England is
the only country where they not only examine your luggage, but appraising
onkel you pay for it - We got safely however at last to London & not to
New, glad enough to get back -

I had promised myself this week to bring the journal to present
you! but alas this only brings it to Dr. Gray's portion, which you must have, & I think
seen was his composition not my dictation - We had a pleasant visit to
Newick - to meet Aunt Anna tomorrow - Many thanks for Mrs. Celler's acid,
this week - I enclose Sarah Treach is with you now I wish you were, and in
deed so for all, with love of kiss to the children - from your most affectionate -

queen streets & frequent old houses - The church is in a fine standing
 'round' a large square & the gardens of the Hotel de Ville behind it
 is finely placed, & is a most elaborate specimen of Gothic; the front
 has been recently restored, & the new fresh colour of the stone con-
 trasts strangely with the older worn portions - It will look better
 10 years hence. This highly ornamented Gothic looks too elaborate
 and when new - The central tower of St. Owen is particularly
 beautiful, & the interior is remarkable in its way by the windows close
 to the roof in the nave coming quite down to the roof of the aisle,
 so that the windows rose directly above the arches of the column.
 The gardens behind were quite pretty & full of people & children -
 We dined at Table D'ôte, & after dinner Dr. Jay went to sleep while
 I amused myself by watching the promenaders on the Quay in
 front of our hotel, beneath our windows - Monday we went again to
 the Cathedral & were in time to hear the morning service - The arch-
 bishop was there in his purple robes - There was some fine music &
 I desire to do the priests the justice of saying that they seemed
 more devout & as if they had more heart in it than any we had
 seen. We saw the sacrament administered to a man & two women -
 They advanced to the steps which separate one half the choir from the
 part where the altar stands, & knelt down, two attendants then kneeling
 at opposite ends held a long white cloth in front of them, & the officiating
 priest coming to them from the altar put the wafer into their open
 mouths. But there seemed so much acting & ceremony, so like the
 stage with this instrument, & that silk covering, &c. &c. laid ready before
 hand; And then to see the little boys in the congregation chattering
 away the service as fast as possible, & at the same time winking to a
 companion across the church & nodding & laughing with their next
 neighbour, we felt how with so much ceremony it became at last
 the religion, & a form of words prayer, & to kneel & go through the service
 doing once truly to God - And forgetting that religion is a work upon
 the heart & mind, lasting & showing itself in steady, unforced & enduring
 influence - Sometimes the decorations of a Catholic Church seem to me
 almost painful - This ribbon & shew, faded & worn, not so fine as
 one of their own palaces, an offering to the Lord of all the Earth!
 Artificial flowers & gold hearts, & chains & garlands & candles to Him who
 rules the Universe! And to come to Him who reads the inmost
 thoughts of man's heart with standing here, kneeling there, moving